

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE



3 2449 0420246 /

THE MARY HELEN COCHRAN LIBRARY

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

FLASHES AND SPECKS

An Anthology of Poems
by
the Children of Sweet Briar

ARCHIVES

PS

3563

.Y48

S9

1969

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
DEPT. OF ENGLISH
LIBRARY

FLASHES AND SPECKS

An Anthology of Poems

by

the Children of Sweet Briar

1969

THERE WAS A CHILD WENT FORTH

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that object he became,
And that object became part of him for the day or a certain
part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.

The early lilacs became part of this child,
And grass and white and red morning-glories and white and red
clover, and the song of the phoebe-bird,
And the Third-month lambs and the sow's pink-faint litter, and
the mare's foal and the cow's calf,
And the noisy brood of the barnyard or by the mire of the pond-
side,
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there,
and the beautiful curious liquid,
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads, all became
part of him.

The field-sprouts of Fourth-month and Fifth-month became part of
him,
Winter-grain sprouts and those of the light-yellow corn, and the
esculent roots of the garden,
And the apple-trees cover'd with blossoms and the fruit afterward
and woodberries, and the commonest weeds by the road,
And the old drunkard staggering home from the outhouse of the
tavern whence he had lately risen,
And the schoolmistress that pass'd, and the quarrelsome boys,
And the tidy and fresh-cheek'd girls, and the barefoot negro boy
and girl,
And all the changes of city and country wherever he went.

His own parents, he that had father'd him, and she that had con-
ceiv'd him in her womb, and birth'd him,
They gave this child more of themselves than that,
They gave him afterward every day, they became part of him.

The mother at home quietly placing the dishes on the supper-table
The mother with mild words, clean her cap and gown, a wholesome
odor falling off her person and clothes as she walks by,
The father, strong, self-sufficient, manly, mean, anger'd, unjust
The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty lure,
The family usages, the language, the company, the furniture, the
yearning and swelling heart,
Affection that will not be gain-said, the sense of what is real,
the thought if after all it should prove unreal,
The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time, the doubts
whether and how,
Whether that which appears so is so, or is it all flashes and
specks?
Men and women crowding fast in the streets, if they are not
flashes and specks, what are they?
The streets themselves and the facades of houses, and goings in the
windows,

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

Vehicles, teams, the heavy-plank'd wharves, the huge crossing
at the ferries,
The village on the highland seen from afar at sunset, the river
between,
Shadows, aureola and mist, the light falling on roofs and gables
of white or brown two miles off,
The schooner near by sleepily dropping down the tide, the little
boat slack-tow'd astern,
The hurrying tumbling waves, quick-broken crests, slapping,
The strata of color'd clouds, the long bar of maroon-tint away
solitary by itself, the spread of purity it lies motionless
in,
The horizon'd edge, the flying sea-crow, the fragrance of salt
marsh and shore mud,
These became part of that child who then went forth every day,
and who now goes, and will always go forth every day.

Walt Whitman

PALACE

A sea shell is a palace
Where many echoes dwell
And when I listen to them
I know them all quite well
They are like the ocean's roar
Where the sea shell buried deep
Learns why the sea is always salt
And spooky shadows creep.

Sherwood Brown
Age 5

BUNNIES

I like the Bunny's fur
I like his two long ears
And when I hold him in my lap
I can see how well he hears

Emily Coon
Age 6

MY KITE

I like to fly my kite around
And never let it touch the ground.
But when it dives so very low,
I run and yell, "Go kite, go!"

Michael Shannon
Age 6

THE TEN BUNNY RABBITS FOR EASTER

One said, "It's almost Easter
One more egg we have to paint."
So they painted it.
Then they put them in the basket.

Beth Armstrong
Age 6

THE TREES

The trees are green every year
And make a pretty season

Fern Smart
Age 6

SPRING

I sat here for hours
Looking at the flowers.
I heard a bird today.
It is a pretty day.
Some spring thing
Can sing.

Jon H. Hood
Age 8

THE LAMB

I would like to have a lamb.
I would feed him in a pail.
I would brush his woolly coat
And he would wag his tail.

Jennifer Coon
Age 8

FLOWERS

Flowers are nice.
They are nice to pick.
But how nice they are on their stems.
Some are nice, some are not as nice.
Some are new, some are old.
So many nice flowers.

Dana Adele Robertson
Age 9

"SH !"

"Sh !" says Mother,

"Sh !" says Father,

"Running in the hall,

Is a very great bother.

Miss Grumpy Grumpy

Who lives down below,

Will come right up

First thing you know."

"Sh !" says Mother,

"Sh !" says Father,

"Can't you play a quiet game

Of some kind or other ?"

Kimberly Brown
Age 7

TWO BUNNIES

Two bunnies in a hole.

One said, "One more day to Easter.

And three eggs to color."

The other said, "One orange, one purple, one red."

Edna Armstrong
Age 9

IF I WERE A LITTLE FLOWER

If I were a little flower,
I would raise my head to
Each April shower,
And through each happy day,
I would drink in sunshine
In the month of May.
I would bring beauty to all around,
And sweet smells would be
Where I was found.
Flowers are for all to enjoy,
They are nature's special built in toy.

Rebekah Gouyer
Age 9

THE CLOUDS

The clouds are floating in the air.
Bye and bye it began to rain.
The rain falls from the sky,
Drip drop drip drop
On the roof of our house.

Jennie Robertson
Age 7

SPRING

I think of the leaves
That will come on the trees.
When I fly a kite
It will go out of sight.
When it rains
It frames
A rainbow.
When spring stops I never know.

David Smart
Age 8

THE WINDOW

As I look out the window sill,
I see the flowers growing still.
And while I look and watch and see
I see the birdies in the tree.
And while I sit with knit and yarn
I see the animals in the barn.

Cynthia Shannon
Age 9

BUGS

I like bugs.

Black bugs,

Green bugs,

Bad bugs,

Mean bugs,

Any kind of bug.

A bug in a rag,

A bug in the grass,

A bug on the sidewalk,

A bug in a glass.

I like bugs.

Round bugs,

Shiny bugs,

Fat bugs,

Buggy bugs,

Big bugs,

Lady bugs,

I like bugs.

Herman L. Brown
Age 9

SYNTHETIC CITY

Electric light falls on the city of aluminium
and tin

In an apartment Christmas is celebrated with a
lovely aluminum tree

A family settles down to frozen T.V. dinners

A thick gray smog swirls around the park

Indoors people are getting a tan under their
genuine sunlamps

Couples take advantage of the break in the weather

People parading in their real Dynel coats

Plastic flowers burst in profusion from the window-
boxes of the city

Someone is washing his artificial lawn.

Hugh Rowland
Age 13

THE DAY BEFORE APRIL

The day before April

Alone, alone

I sat on a stone

Watching the birds sing.

And the words were God's making.

I sat on a broad stone

And sang to the birds

The tune was God's making

But I made the words.

Beyond the East the sunrise

Beyond the West the sea

And East and West the wander-thirst

That will not let me be.

It works in me like madness dear

To bid me say Good-bye.

For the sea calls

And the stars call

And Oh! the call of the sky.

Yolanda Verlice Brown
Age 11

DREAM

I often sit and wonder in a kind of daze,

If my dreams will ever come true,

A big black and tan dog is what I want.

One who comes when he's called,

Who goes when he's told,

But, most of all, one that I can love.

Who would know, but me, what I want,

I can only tell them, but I only know what it's like,

To love a dog, a great big dog.

A German Shepherd, to have for no one but me.

He'd come when he's called,

Who'd go when I say,

Then I'd give him a name, a wonderful name.

Chris Coon

Age 10

HOW I HAVE FUN

First of all there's fishing.

Standing under the hot sun,

Always keeps us wishing,

That someone will reel in a big one.

Another way to enjoy yourself is camp out with a friend.

At first you talk, then drift asleep.

When it's time for the night to end,

You may be refreshed or feel like a heap.

And there's always a tree to climb.

It's always a source of fun,

When you don't feel worth a dime;

Sitting there, just making a pun.

Here there's always fun,

Because there are many activities

Where the land is bleached by the sun

And colored with green trees.

Jeff Van Treese
Age 12

SPRING

The loveliest time of the year is Spring,
It's also time for an engagement ring.
It's when the birds take their wings and learn to fly.

It's when the flowers are in bloom,
And nothing is filled with gloom.
It's when the trees blow in the breeze.

It's when the grass sways in the wind
Spring you see is lovely,
The loveliest time of year.

Kathy Wright
Age 10

WHAT APRIL IS TO ME

April is a lovely month.
With Robins singing,
While I am swinging.

The April flowers smell so sweet
And the grass is green to me.
But when an April shower comes
The little flowers tuck in their thumbs.

The days are mild and not too hot
And those are kinds of days I like-
So APRIL IS MY FAVORITE MONTH.

Kathleen Marie Collins
Age 10

FLAMING AMAZON

Darling of the underworld
The Devil's compensation
The Bride of the Prince of Darkness
Always wore black
The flame surged higher
And consumed her
Ashes only are left
A flower blooms
A new soul is born
This is reincarnation
An empty place is filled.

Hugh Rowland
Age 13

DAISIES

Daisies,
Fresh with white and yellow,
Trembling, shaking,
Before the winds that bellow.
The skies are dark,
Rain threatens to fall;
Unbearable silence,
And the winds still call.
The field of daisies yet grows dark;
A deadly quiet descends;
Then a crash of thunder
And the tense silence ends.

Tris Burrows
Age 12

PRONOUNS

They say they know us,
But He knows they don't;
For we,

as He,

that is;

Knows that,

as it,

is not.

They make us it,

But it is not really us;

For He,

not me,

know they,

as Him,

are not but our it.

Paul Smart
Age 12

MY NAME

People are dumb I think
When it comes to spelling my name,
If they can't spell it
They'll spell it any ol' way.
I can quite easily admit,
Spelling my name isn't a trick (for some).
Some people spelled my name
Mr. Jeke or Eika,
But it's spelled neither of those ways.
If you're wondering how it is spelled
Just look and see
It's spelled IEKE.

Ieke Osinga
Age 12

SPRING

What a beautiful day for Spring.
When all the birds are gathered to sing.
To share all the things that Spring brings.
For the newborn birds.
To fill their stomachs with seconds and thirds.

Walter Jerome Canada
Age 11

BODY AGAINST MIND

The organs,

The bones,

The nerves,

The muscles,

The cells,

The blood, oh my blood.

Oh organs,

Oh bones,

Oh muscles,

Oh nerves,

Oh cells, my dear, dear structure.

Oh Body my love,

What would I do without you,

I couldn't breathe or live without you my dear Body.

I love my cytoplasm,

I love my germs,

Oh stomach, oh stomach,

Don't let us part.

Oh Body I love you.

BODY AGAINST MIND (continued)

My love is greater than any,

My love is in fact the greatest,

I love you Brain.

I love to see my dear Cerebrum,

And don't forget Cerebellum.

But most of all, I love dear old Medulla Oblongata,

But Pons, and Cortex, not forgetting Chordalia,

are my playmates.

Oh Brain don't leave me.

Oh no,

Oh dear,

What's this !

Brain and Body don't think they're peers.

A fist to the right,

A nerve to the left.

A hit in the Brain Stem,

A sock in the Pancreas.

Oh dear,

Brain and Body have ended life.

Paul Smart
Age 12

SPRING IS HERE

Spring is here

Never fear.

Winter has gone

Not very long.

When spring is here

We play here.

When winter's here

We all fear.

Leigh DeVol
Age 10

LEAVES

Like a storm they travel,

Hopping along the ground;

Wildly dancing,

Round and round.

OLD CARS

Roaring, putting,

Smoking around;

Clanking, shaking,

Like junk in a mound.

Tris Burrows
Age 12

LITTLE BLACK BEAR

Little Black Bear
Black Bear yum
Here is honey
Come eat some.
I know you like it
Because it's good
Little Black Bear
Living in the woods.

Lorraine Brown
Age 10

HUNTING FOR MR. FUNNY BUNNY

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hutting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cape,
And white owl's feather
We hunt for Mr. Funny Bunny,
But he's always eating honey,
He's always not very funny,
But eats like a monkey's uncle.

Edith Turner
Age 10

SUMMER

I like the summer.

It is when the flowers bloom.

FOOD

Food is good for you.

It sometimes makes your stomach upset.

EASTER

The flowers are blooming.

Springtime is here.

TREES

I like the trees' branches,

I like their leaves.

David Rowland
Age 10

WISTFULL THINKING

Parents' advice I wouldn't follow,
Nor for teachers' praise did I strive,
Tests I've failed and friendships lost;
This poem could well be called "Our Lives."

Able to answer elders withered questions,
Knowing answers, sometimes wise and always true.
Able to quote from innermost depths of learning,
Knowing from experiences maybe, too.

But ah! The thoughts of wistfull thinking,
For without the effort and patience this will all
Become another's life lore.

But now that I am old and going,
Children listen, one and all:
Resist "now it's playtime" longing,
And work like demons while you're small.

Hard work is the product of effort and patience,
But these, I fear, are not in me.
How can I expect the children to listen to me,
When I myself would not see;
That elders advice is a necessity!

Lisl Ann Coon
Age 13

THREE LIMERICKS

A girl lived in a house
The house had a mouse
The girl said EEK
When the mouse went SQUEAK
There was a girl in a house.

There was a young minister
Who appeared quite sinister
Said he one day
To his father in May
"Let there be peace in Zinister."

One day a girl from Rox
Came riding on an ox
She said "Sometime
I'll be famous for rhyme."
But she never stopped riding her ox.

Donna DeVol
Age 13

THE SNAKE

Slimy and glazed,
Shrunk and sweaty;
Oh, the Snake,
Is it here to stay?

It slid along,
Taking dominion.
Women shrieked,
People ran.
Was it here to stay?

One by One,
Houses fell,
One by One
We dissappeared.
Was it here to stay?

Scared and shaken,
Dazed and stuttering,
Day by Day,
Out died the muttering.
Had it taken dominion?

THE SNAKE (continued)

Oh mighty Snake,
What do you want?
We will obey,
We will surrender,
But, are you here to stay?

It slid up,
It bent its back,
It struck!
Death appeared,
It wrapped and crushed,
Stop oh mighty Snake!

He came from away,
He was tall and handsome;
But bravery and courage,
These he had.
Old he is, but Snake watch out!

The night was dark,
Figures were lost,
Black as Ebony,
But with an eerie glow,
The town seemed dull.
Wait!

THE SNAKE (continued)

Silently and slippery,

It slid along.

Sure of dominion,

The Snake was here.

Out of corners,

Behind trees,

Noiseless he came,

The man was here,

Snake watch out!

Slithery and glossed,

Humped and old,

The Snake was here,

The man was here!

A slither, a jump,

A twang,

Quiet!

What is it?

Yellow and gloriful,

The day had come.

A person,

A laugh.

What is this?

THE SNAKE (continued)

Sun, oh sun,

Burning away up there.

Old men, sitting quietly.

But what?

Is this the same town,

That of the Snake.

But, an old man steps, quietly.

A crackle,

A snap.

Up, Up, Up.

A sigh comes and it hits the ground.

Dry and crackled,

Scaley and parched, it hits.

The glorious snake is no more.

Paul Smart
Age 12

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE
DEPT. OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

808.81
S974

135795

Sweet Briar College. Children
of Sweet Briar.

TITLE

Flashes and specks.

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME	ROOM NUMBER
MAY 27 1971	Marjorie Banks	10
APR 6 1976	Jeane Costello	
APR 27 1976	R	
MAY 11 1976	R	

808.81
S974

Sweet Briar College.
Children of Sweet Briar.

135795

